EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

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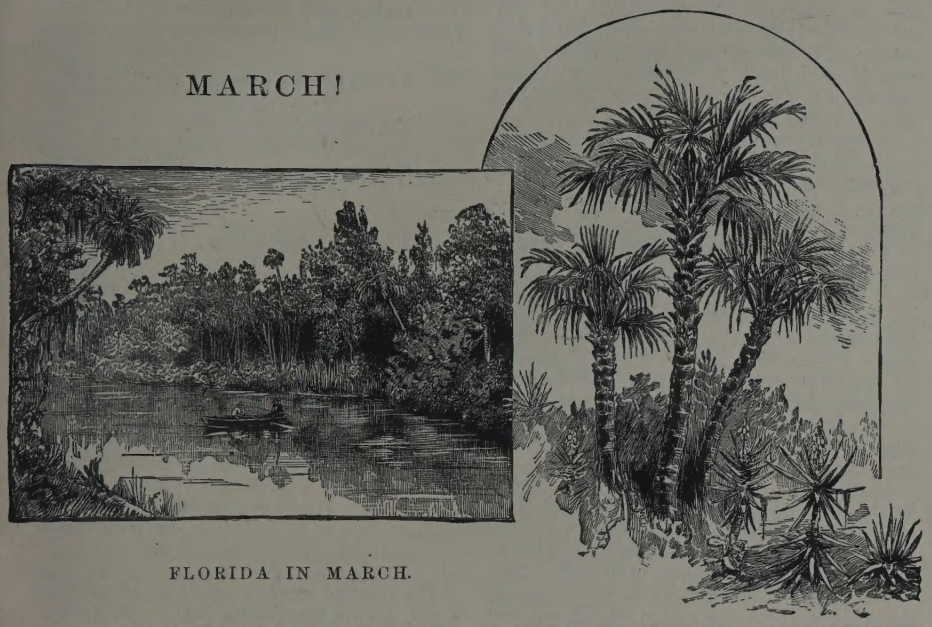
MARCH!



FLORIDA IN MARCH.

It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast.

CLARENDON.

THE MARCH WINDS.

In March come the March winds,
They blow and blow;
But just what they come for
I hardly know, —
A heigh-ho!
In March come the March winds,
They blow and blow;
They sweep up the brown leaves
That green ones may grow, —
Aha! a heigh-ho!

GEORGE W. W. HOUGHTON.

For Every Other Sunday.

HIS LITTLE FOREIGN FRIEND.

In Two Parts. — Part II.

BY KATE BURLEIGH.

THE terror and suspense over, Gatti was now crying and sobbing convulsively. If any boy had ever good reason to fear the tarantula, it was really Guilio Gatti.

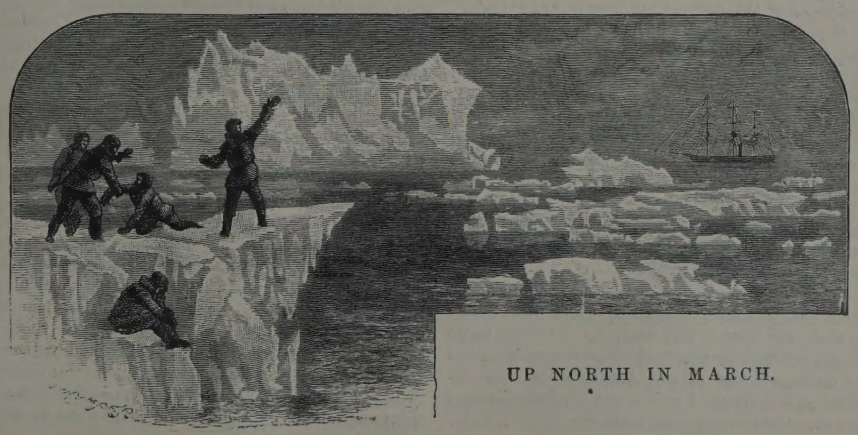
You will probably think that Jack carried his victim to the fire and burned him at once; but no! dangerous as he knew him to be, he somehow could not do that. He had always been noted for his kindness to animals. He was an imaginative chap, and he had strange ideas sometimes; and now he could not help thinking how hard it must be for the explorers who have to endure such sufferings in the Polar regions. He said to himself that their own little village of Iceland had proved to be a veritable Dante's "Inferno" for this poor immigrant spider. He made up his mind not to murder him, but to take him out of the camp. So he carried him out in the tongs to a group of pines, and put him down on the ground at the base of a tree where the snow had blown away. Some of the other boys followed along with sticks; they meant to prod him up a little, and make him show fight.

But this particular tarantula disappointed them all. He did not lie down or shrink together again when Jack opened the tongs and released him, nor did he become numb or torpid. He did not notice the boys at all when they thrust their pointed sticks at him. He was alive and alert, and a portion of his body seemed to throb a little. If he had not been given a mind to think and plan, he could at least feel deeply; for, disgusted with his frigid reception into the town, and not finding anything to eat or to bite, looking around, and missing his beloved banana-tree and every home-like looking bush, with everything sweet in life turned to gall and bitterness, he rose in his wrath and stung himself twice. In a few minutes more he died; and he was just as surely and completely a suicide as was ever a homeless wayfarer in a strange country.

This occurrence astonished all the party, and struck several of the boys quite differently. As to Hans Kruger, it had just about reached his slow-working mind that there was a tarantula among them not dead yet, and that he had better tell the boys to give him a wide berth, as he was a very dangerous animal, while Colin was eagerly watching each strange phase in the creature's condition; and he expressed much surprise that anything so small could know so much. Jack Gordon had great sympathy for every living thing that suffered; and he said to himself, as he witnessed the strange actions and tragic death of this most unwilling stowaway, that he was very thankful he did not kill him.

Poor little Gatti was now laughing and crying by turns, quite hysterically.

"You don't know, boys, what it meant to me," he said. "I thought I was dead sure; my little cousin Beppo, only four years old, died by the bite of one of those very spiders. He was running around my uncle's fruit-shop barefooted, and he pulled hold of a large bunch of bananas to break one off. Instantly there sprung from it a large tarantula, and bit him on the leg, just above the ankle. Whether the folks did not know what to do, or whether they did not bestir themselves quickly enough, I have never



UP NORTH IN MARCH.

known, because they can never talk about it; but Beppo died in great suffering. I've often thought I should die that way too; for I'm in a fruit-shop when I'm not at school, and I hate it," added Gatti, vehemently. "I'd rather study all the time, I do believe."

"Oh, now, you wouldn't either; I know better," said Harry Lynne, who spoke very naturally indeed, just as he felt. "Studying is dreadful hard work, and you don't get any pay for it either."

Harry was generally at the foot of his class; his father had money and lands in plenty, and Harry had not yet felt the necessity of doing good solid work.

"Gatti," said Jack Gordon, quietly, "would you like to learn a trade or study engineering, — something entirely new, — so you could leave your father's shop?"

"Oh, indeed I would," said Guilio. "There's nothing to look ahead to there," he continued; "and sometimes I get very blue; but I've never said anything to father about it yet."

"I'll help you, Guilio, if you'll come to me," said Jack.

"O Jack Gordon!" said little Gatti, "you are so good! You have helped me always, and now to-day you have saved my life. What should I do if it were not for you?" And he looked up with a grateful glow pervading his face, and added quite low, so the other boys could not hear him: "I'd be a slave to you, John Gordon, willingly, for the rest of my life. I'll do everything you ask of me, dear friend!"

"Oh, my dear boy," responded Jack, "this is a free country. What do I want of a slave? I have no use for one; but I'd like you for a good stanch friend and comrade. It's good for a man to have real good firm friends with whom his name and honor are safe. You and I can always be good friends, Gatti, if you choose. How thankful I am I thought to touch the spider with those tongs! Did you see how quickly he tried to fight with them, and how his claws were all clasped around them? It isn't often approached with that kind of a stick. I took him off quite easily; you mus' n't think I did anything so very wonderful."

"Yes, yes, I know; but you were the only fellow that thought of doing anything for me; in another minute he might have had time to get in his fangs."

"Well, yes, it's lucky I was quick that time, sure enough; but sometimes I'm slow enough, I can tell you."

After that Guilio was quiet for a long time; and Jack made him drink another cup of steaming hot coffee, after which Gatti said he felt his strength coming back again.

After Jack and Guilio had quite gotten over their excitement, they went out on the pond, and found that some girls had come down with their skates. The boys instantly helped the girls; and they of course went into the shed to adjust the skates. The young ladies were very much struck with the festive appearance of things; and the boys had to explain.

"Oh, you boys always do have the most elegant times; you do such delightful things," said one, "that we girls never would think of. We just envy you to-day."

"But who gets up the pretty five o'clock teas," asked Colin Campbell, the favored, who had already attended several, "and the six-handed euchre parties?"

"Yes, and the pink lunches and orange suppers," added Gordon. "We boys would n't know how to conduct such dainty affairs if we wanted to ever so much; would we, Colin?"

"'Deed, no," said Colin. (That was an expression of his Scotch grandfather's that Colin took kindly to, as it was concise and decided.) "I went to an autumn tea awhile ago," said he, "where the room was decorated with autumn leaves in the most exquisite arrangements I ever saw. 'Chrysanthemums were the chosen flowers, as the tea was given in honor of an arrival from Japan; and tea and chocolate were served in the most elegant Japanese cups I ever saw in my life. I almost trembled for fear I should break one. The souvenir spoons were set with gems; in the top of each handle was a precious stone. I believe they were all chrysolite, — the gem for September. Then there was some music on Japanese stringed instruments, and a pretty story read in appropriate costume. The table was heaped in the centre with a pyramid of grapes of every kind in the world that could be obtained. Oh, I tell you, it takes the ladies to do these things up thoroughly!"

The girls were pleased with this, you may believe; and Colin scored an invitation to another party right on the spot.

There was one young lady who "did not bring" any skates; and Kruger and Joe Blake deftly arranged a chair on runners, and then several boys took turns pushing her all around the pond. They had a glorious time, — no more accidents, no more frights; and the girls asked timidly if they might come another winter earlier, if they would bring their lunches with them. The boys gladly consented.

Of course some of the boys there always liked to tell the news and astonish the girls; they duly informed them of Gatti's peril and Gordon's prompt rescue. The girls turned admiring eyes on Gordon's strong, athletic frame and handsome face, and said he looked like a hero, and as if he could easily do just such things. Indeed, his appearance was quite attractive at this time, with the glow of health on his cheeks, the fire of intellect and will in his eyes, and somehow a sort of sweet expression round his mouth, which caused children often to run to him for help or protection. Moreover, he was broader and taller than the others, yet by no means the oldest. He gave promise of becoming what one girl pronounced him already, namely, a fine specimen of an Englishman.

His father and mother always called him "John," but "Jack" he was to the rest of his little world. Colin loved him better than he did his own brothers; and when that fact was remarked upon, Colin said he could n't help that; there was only one Jack Gordon, but he had several brothers, and he had not noticed that they cared for him any more than for any other fellow.

From the day of the winter picnic onward, Gatti had two strong desires: one, to be useful in every possible way to John Gordon, hoping that he might be enabled to help or defend him if danger threatened or sickness came; the second ambition was to improve himself, to be something good and wise, — for he thought sadly that he never could be great, — so as to be worthy of Jack's friendship. For had not Jack said, "We can always be firm friends, Guilio, if you choose"?

Somehow Guilio realized as plainly as possible his own limitations and all Jack's kindness, which was never patronizing; and he knew well if that friendship was not established whose fault it would be. He made several strong resolutions just after his encounter with the tarantula, and he learned from Gordon's gentle manners to be more sweet and patient with his own little brothers and sisters. Mr. Gatti, Sr., was very proud of John's friendship for his boy; and it must be owned that Guilio's social status was elevated.

The young reader will doubtless ask, "But did not this close contact lower Jack Gordon in any way?" We answer, No; for strong characters like his are never lowered by those whom they lift up. Besides, there was nothing bad about Gatti; he was only quite ignorant and undeveloped, with no particular theories or aims, until Jack took hold of him in earnest.

But by his native kindly instincts, and without realizing in the least all the good that he was doing, John saw all he could of Guilio, and assisted him in every way, and as John did so did Colin; and by and by that "good little Gatti," as he was called, was seen in all sorts of nice places and in excellent company. His mind grew and expanded, if his body did not correspondingly; and he owes most of his pleasures and advancement to Gordon, who ever after he "got away with that spider" was devoted to Gatti. It verifies the old saying, "Do every good service you possibly can for your fellow-man, consider him at all times and places, and by and by he will become very dear to you."

WERE I THE SUN.

I'd always shine on holidays,
Were I the sun;
On sleepy heads I'd never gaze,
But focus all my morning rays
On busy folks of bustling ways,
Were I the sun.

I would not melt a sledding snow,
Were I the sun;
Nor spoil the ice where skaters go,
Nor help those useless weeds to grow,
But hurry melons on, you know,
Were I the sun.

I'd warm the swimming pool just right,
Were I the sun;
On school-days I would hide my light,
The Fourth I'd always give you bright,
Nor set so soon on Christmas night,
Were I the sun.

I would not heed such paltry toys,
Were I the sun —
Such work as grown-up men employs;
But I should favor solid joys —
In short, I'd run the world for boys,
Were I the sun.

AMOS R. WELLS.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time. AIKIN.

Be just, and fear not: let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's. SHAKESPEARE.

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW RAY SET THE BALL ROLLING.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

IT was fine coasting in Bruce's Field, and Ray Light was off for a good time with the sled all to himself; for Ralph had a toothache that morning, — a real one, that kept him in the house, and sent the big tears trickling down his cheeks.

"Hurrah! Won't I have a jolly time with nobody to say, 'Here, it's my turn now'!" he thought, as he trudged along after the other boys.

He had coasted down a few times, enjoying every minute, when, as he drew his sled up the hill, he noticed a new boy standing watching the others. His clothes were old and patched, and his hands were in his pockets for warmth, because he had no mittens.

Away went Ray again, to show the new boy how fast his sled could go. Conscience was talking to him. "I don't have to," he answered. "Every other time I have to share it with Ralph; so —" And away he spun down the hill the second time. But some way it did n't seem so much fun this time; and by the time Ray reached the top again conscience had won.

"Say, want a coast?" he called out as he passed the new boy. "Come on, if you do."

The new boy did not wait for a second invitation. His face beamed with delight as he hastened to

"come on." My, how the sled did whiz! He fairly flew down the hill, and his pinched cheeks were rosy as he trudged back.

"Have n't you any sled?" asked Ray.

The boy shook his head.

"We 'll take turns then," said Ray, bravely. "Here goes! Hooray!"

Every coast was fine now, as they took turns, and Ray saw how happy Jack was to be in the fun with the rest. Soon the other boys began to offer their sleds; and by and by Joe Hill said he must go, but if Ray would bring it along when he came Jack could take his sled the rest of the morning.

To say that Jack was happy would not begin to tell what a joyful flutter there was in his heart. He had but lately moved to town; but if this was the way boys did here, it must be a pretty good sort of place, he thought. Ray now had his sled to himself, and, as conscience was very well contented, he enjoyed every minute.

When noon came, and the boys started home, some one asked Jack where he lived.

"Down by the old mill," he answered.

"What, are you the folks that were burned out over in the South village?"

"Yes. There 's where I lost my sled, in the fire," answered Jack.

"Whew! that 's tough," whistled a chorus of voices. And the new boy was a hero at once.

When boys are interested, it does not take long to do things. The next time the coasting was good in Bruce's Field, Jack was there with a brand-new sled, of which he was very proud; and with boyish good-nature it was passed around and tried by all, for had n't the boys an interest in that particular sled? When a boy's pocket-money goes to give some other boy a good time, his interest goes with it, you may be sure. A new pair of mittens kept Jack's hands nice and warm, and his ragged jacket was covered by a thick reefer.

The mothers heard about the sled, and began to inquire about the family down by the old mill. Then they found that the mother had been sick, and the father was so burned in the fire he could not use his hands; and so they were very poor, and had scarcely anything to be comfortable with.

So bags and boxes of good things to eat began to appear in Jack's home, and warm clothing, made by kind and generous hands, came to the sick mother; and matters began to look very encouraging to the poor people, who had felt that everything had gone in that terrible fire. Work was found for the father, the mother gained rapidly, and home seemed a very different place to Jack in a few months.

And it was Ray Light who had set the ball rolling which brought so much comfort and good cheer to them all. But Ray never thought of it in that way. He had only shared his sled with the new boy; that was all.

THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

I know of a dear, delightful land,
Which is not so far away
That we may not sail to its sunlit strand,
No matter how short the day.
Ah, there the sky is always blue,
And hearts forget to grieve,
For there 's never a dream but must come true
In the Land of Make-Believe.

There every laddie becomes a knight,
And a fairy queen each lass,
And lips learn laughter, and eyes grow bright
As the dewdrops in the grass;
For there 's nothing beautiful, brave, and bold
That one may not achieve,
If he once sets foot on the sands of gold
Of the Land of Make-Believe.

Guy Wetmore Carryl, *in "St. Nicholas."*

We should always keep a corner of our heads open and free, that we may make room for the opinions of our friends. Let us have heart and head hospitality. Joubert.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE WREN ORCHARD IN WINTER.

by thomas d. bergen.

Sunday, January 28, was a cold but a very sunny day. There was occasionally a slight puff of wind, which blew light clouds of snow into the air for a moment. At ten o'clock I took the electric car to Arlington. Thence I walked slowly to the Wren Orchard, where, perching in the crotch of a half-dead wild cherry-tree, I basked for over an hour in the genial rays of the sun.

The landscape which lay stretched before me was peaceful in the extreme. Between the dome of the State House and me, as far as I could see, to the right and to the left, the land was covered with a beautiful ermine mantle. There were but few distinct sounds, although the air was very clear, and sounds travelled in it a long way. Near by I heard the trickling of water melted from the snow, the cawing of crows, and the lisping of golden-crowned kinglets and chick-a-dees; far off toward the west, the barking of a pair of dogs; and away in the direction of the city, a low murmuring, as of voices far distant.

Monday, the following day, was a great contrast to the one previous. All the morning Nature seemed sulky, but was quiet until about three o'clock. Again I hastened to Arlington, this time with a friend. We had scarcely arrived at the Wren Orchard before the snowflakes began to fall steadily. The approaching storm increased in violence, and at last, about a quarter after four o'clock, the cedars in the orchard were rocking and swaying like ships at sea. The flakes grew larger, then, hurling themselves on the ground, gave way to their followers. It was a wild sight. The great pines, the oaks, and the storm-bent evergreens creaked and groaned, swaying in rhythm to the fierce wind.

There are many such days as these two, — days when the rugged, rough hills and rolling country are converted by snow to a calm, peaceful, quiet scene; days when the more common New England snow-storm, raging wildly, like the winds which Æolus held under control, bends down and lames for life the lofty trees.

For Every Other Sunday.

BIBLE TRAVELS AT HOME.

No. VIII.

by a. e. howard.

As we have just stepped from the bright sunlight outside the Dome of the Rock, how dark the interior seems! It is indeed a "dim religious light" that is shining through those beautiful purple windows which encircle the dome. See these massive columns and arches dividing the interior. Look up to the lofty dome, also supported by columns and piers. Rich colors are everywhere. Mosaics, marbles, delicately wrought iron railings, highly gilded, — it is indeed a beautiful piece of work.

Directly beneath the dome is the rock, regarded as the most sacred place on earth by Moslem and Jew. By the Moslem, because he believes that from this rock Mohammed ascended to heaven. Here is his footprint, our guide says, and here the print of the angel Gabriel's hand, as he held down the rock lest it follow the prophet in his flight. To the Jew it is sacred as being the spot on which once stood the Temple. Let us recall some of the events of that time. In the days of Abraham it was a place of sacrifice. Here David erected an altar, and charged his son Solomon to build "a house for the Lord." Solomon obeyed; and who is not familiar with the story of the erection and then the destruction of the building, of the erection of the second and its fate, and again of the third, upon the building of which Christ gazed, and the fate of which he prophesied, "There shall not be left here one stone upon another"? The rock is of native limestone, about sixty feet long and forty-five broad, and four feet nine inches and a half at its highest point.

But our guide is going down a flight of steps under the rock; and we must follow carefully after into a cave. The floor and sides sound hollow when struck; and legends say it is because the rock has hung in the air since its effort to rise to heaven, and a wall was built that it might not fall and crush pilgrims! Some persons say this was a channel into the Brook Kedron for the blood of the sacrifices to flow off when the Temple stood there. What is this slab? It covers the mouth of hell, a Moslem would tell you; and it will not be lifted for us, lest some spirit escape. There is also a tradition that here lies concealed the Ark of the Covenant.

We must visit the Mosque-El-Aksa, by no means so beautiful as the Dome of the Rock, for there is much plaster and whitewash about it; but if you look at the interior of the dome, you will see fine mosaics. Here is a pulpit renowned for its beauty. Notice the exquisite carving in wood; see the straight stair, the canopy, resting on those delicately turned pillars, while it is still more beautified with inlaid ivory and mother-of-pearl.

Do you wish to be sure of a place in heaven? Then pass between these two pillars. They are quite close together; and if you fail, your case is a doubtful one! We must pass some smaller places of interest, for our time is growing short, and go out by the eastern door. Here we find our discarded shoes.

Now let us see the vaulted chamber reputed to be the place where Christ was brought for circumcision; and from there we come to the so-called "Solomon's Stables." Whether they were Solomon's stables is not certain; but here the Knights Templars kept their horses in the Middle Ages, and there are the rings to which the animals were attached.

Our guide now wishes us to ascend the wall and admire the beautiful Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its many celebrated tombs. All devout Jews wish to be buried there. Read the third chapter of Joel when you return to the hotel, and you will know why. Look toward the north. There is the Golden Gate, the "Beautiful Gate" of the Temple, where Peter and John healed the lame man, and by which Christ entered the city on the Sunday before the crucifixion. It is now walled up.

We could spend a longer time in the Haram, but we have much to see in the city; therefore now let us visit the Tomb of David, which is outside. Leaving the Haram, and passing through narrow streets, we come to Zion Gate. Here on Mount Zion stood David's house, and here was placed the Ark of God before the Temple was built. Do you see that large building? That is the Armenian Convent; and those tamarisk-trees in front were planted by Herod, it is said. It accommodates three thousand persons, and the monks are skilful in trades. They will tell you Peter denied his Lord here, and will show you where the cock crowed three times. That ruin you see is the Palace of Caiaphas; and here is the Tomb of David, a small mosque. There seems little doubt that this is the authentic spot; but a place that is doubtful is the chamber adjoining, shown as the room where Christ ate the Last Supper with his disciples. Report states that when Titus destroyed Jerusalem this place escaped; and it is certain that the earliest travellers found the place looked upon as holy on that account. Here, too, it is supposed the disciples were gathered when the Holy Ghost visited them, as we read in the second chapter of Acts. Let us now enter the city again.

(*To be continued.*)

TOO MUCH SWING!

For Every Other Sunday.

WHAT MADE IT HEAVY.

BY J. F. COWAN.

I WAS afraid that Sam would break his back. He had piled five or six bricks into a basket, and on top of that a large square of old tin and a piece of battered and rusty stove-pipe. He was tugging this great load across the yard toward the open lot opposite his father's house.

I called to him: "Halloo, Sam; is n't that rather too heavy for a boy of your size?"

"Oh, no," he answered back quite cheerfully, considering that he was bent almost in the shape of a letter U by the weight of his load. "It 's only just fun. We 're going to build a furnace out here and make a fire in it, and roast some potatoes and corn and tomatoes."

He picked up his load and struggled on with it as fast as he could, as though time were too precious to lose a moment. Presently I saw him coming back for paper and matches, and after awhile he made a third trip for potatoes, and then another for tomatoes and corn. I have no doubt the boys had a grand time. I used to enjoy that thing very much when I was a boy, and I am just young enough yet to like to see them have their fun.

Something happened presently which put all my arithmetic at fault, and I can't quite understand it yet. Sam's mother called him after he had been playing a long time, saying: "I wish you would come here and bring in a basket of potatoes from the garden. I want some to cook for supper."

It seemed a great deal more difficult for Sam to hear what his mother wanted to say to him than it had been a little while ago for him to hear the boys. He answered "What?" three times. I was rather surprised that so bright a boy as Sam did n't say "ma'am." But possibly he was excited over his fun, and forgot his manners for the moment.

But after repeating it two or three times she managed to make him understand what she wanted. And he came very slowly and with apparent reluctance, looking back longingly over his shoulder, as though afraid the boys would let something go wrong during his absence.

After he had managed to pick up a dozen or twenty potatoes, but not without pausing after each one and throwing an anxious glance on the boys and their doings, I heard him call aloud to his mother.

"What do you want, Sam?" she asked.

"I tell you I can't lift this basket," he called back in a loud, complaining tone. "It 's too heavy; it 'll just break my back."

I was sure there were not more than two dozen potatoes in the basket, and I knew from experience that bricks were very heavy articles and potatoes comparatively light, and I could not understand for the life of me how, if a half-dozen bricks were not too heavy a load for a boy's back, two dozen potatoes were in danger of crippling him for life. And I can't understand it yet. Bricks must be very much lighter than they were when I built furnaces and roasted potatoes and apples and corn, and potatoes must be a great many times heavier according to their size than any I have ever known, or else boys have changed, or something is the matter.

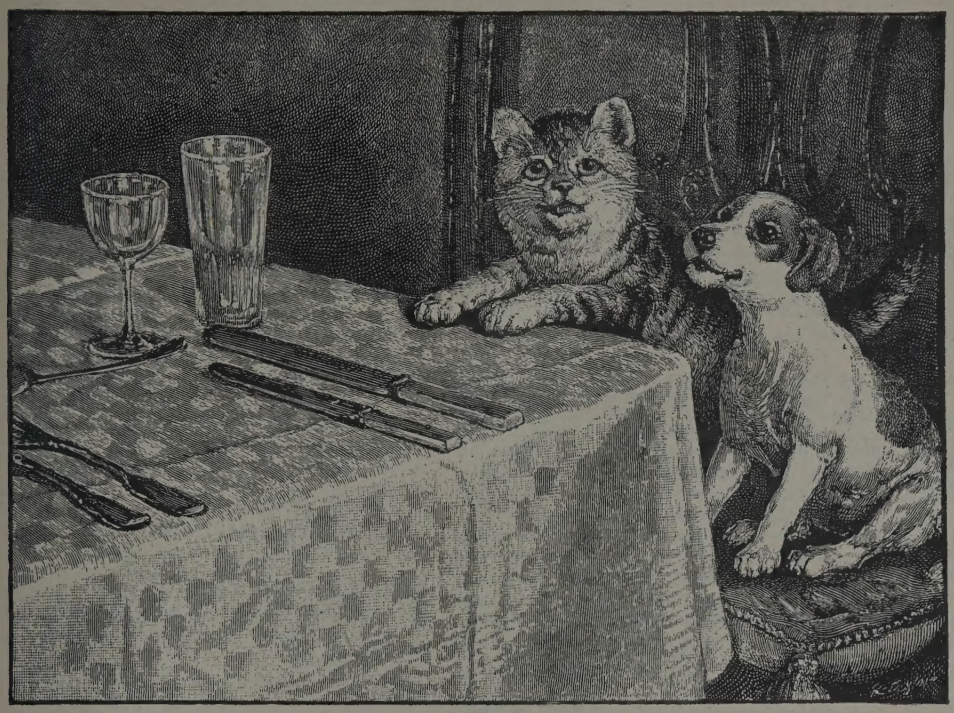
"UNDRESS PARADE."

Or "dress parade" you all have heard,
And, doubtless, you have seen
The tramping lines of solid blue
Wheel grandly on the green.
But I 've an army which, I 'm sure,
Tho' you look far and near,
Tho' you hunt north, south, east, and west,
Has not to-day a peer.
And every night, at eight o'clock,
Its line of march is made,
And the noise of drums tells me it comes
To give "Undress Parade."

A prouder General than I
Ne'er issued a command;
A prouder army than my own
Exists not in the land.
Two drummers always lead the way,
Then come the rank and file.
With heads erect, and faces front,
They march, then halt, the while
I make inspection of them all,
Of uniforms and guns;
And then I call, "Attention all!"
"Now march! By twos! By ones!"

At last, when I am satisfied
That everything is right;
That curls are brushed, and faces clean,
And uniforms are white,
I cry out, "Company, break ranks!"
The sound each one alarms;
For straightaway, on the "double quick,"
They run into my arms.
The drums are dropped, and muskets, too;
Each hides his curly head,
And hugs me tight, and says, "Good night!"
Then scampers off to bed.

FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.



WHICH WILL GET DINNER FIRST?

Imagination is the eye of the soul. JOUBERT.

Do you know why the crocus grows
Under the snows?
To tell that the winter is over and gone,
And soon bird and blossom will gladden the lawn,
And the hedgerows
Where the first crocus blows.
KATHARINE MARGARET SHERWOOD.

For Every Other Sunday.

WHAT ANNIE MADE THE DAY.

BY HELEN T. WILDER.

DO you suppose I'll have a good time at the Sunday-School picnic to-morrow, mamma?" said Annie, with her arms around her mother's neck for her good-night talk.

"Our good times," said mamma, "depend a great deal on ourselves, and whether we go intending to enjoy ourselves and help others to do the same. When I hear people say, on coming home from some trip, they have not had a good time, I always think, unless I know of some very good reason, that the fault was a great deal their own. Our good times are in our hearts; and if our hearts are at ease, we cannot help enjoying ourselves. You know my little daughter is apt to be a little rash and headstrong, and does not like to be corrected; she likes to think she knows as much as the big girls, and sometimes she makes mistakes, as we all do: but she is learning every day. I do not see why you should not have as good a time as you want to have, if you go intending to be happy and make other people happy too. Uncle William likes to have you with him. Now, good night; we will call you early, so that you may be ready when he comes for you. I think I can trust you with him safely."

Uncle William came early next morning, and found Annie ready and waiting.

"Take Aunt Lou's parasol along, dear," said mamma, "which she left here, and give it to Uncle William on the way home." Annie was so happy! The morning was lovely; and as they came to the wharf, and stepped on the boat, they were met by dozens of bright, eager faces. Annie straightened up a bit as she crossed the plank ahead of Uncle William. Was she not the niece of the minister, whose Sunday School composed this picnic? Her gingham dress was very fresh, and rustled pleasantly to her ears. "I can keep my own ticket, can't I, Uncle William?" she said, as he came forward with two.

"Yes, but don't lose it. Have you a safe place?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Annie, with an assured air, putting it loosely in her pocket with her handkerchief. She kept tight hold of Aunt Lou's parasol, for she knew it would be sunny part of the way, — and then, it was real silk, and she saw several cotton ones near her. The sail down the river was delightful, and time was all too short to the landing at Beech Point. Annie had shown her ticket to the purser, and replaced it with a satisfied expression, as she stood with some of the boys and girls whose tickets were in charge of their parents. The lunch at the Point was good and thoroughly enjoyed. Uncle William's basket and Annie's box proved more than enough, and Annie was glad to be able to take some of the best pieces to a group of poorly dressed children belonging to the Mission School, who seemed to have less to enjoy than she. In the games that followed she was a leader, and the prominence pleased her small heart. Tom Dixon, who sat half-way across the vestry at Sunday School, and who always made her laugh, made her laugh now more than ever; and when they played "twirl the platter," she was delighted that he remembered her number. But good times all come to an end, and the word to pack up came all too soon. As the boat left the shore, Annie was standing by Miss French's chair. She was a dear friend of her mamma's.

"Are you having a good time, Annie," she asked.

"Oh, yes! Miss French," she replied; and off she ran to join a group of her friends at the stern.

Tom Dixon was sitting on the side of one of the small boats on deck, talking with a young lady of his own age, and as Annie ran by he caught at one of her gingham ruffles. She struggled a little as he detained her; but she thought it very pleasant to be noticed by a boy so much older, and her efforts to get away were only for effect. Miss Bailey laughed at the pretty child, as with pink cheeks and sparkling eyes she attempted to pry up the fingers on the ruffle. It was useless; but when he did let go, he started off in pretended haste. But Annie, now excited, was after him, and before he was aware he felt Aunt Lou's parasol laid soundly on his back. He turned to catch at the little figure again, when the change in her face stopped him. There she stood with the parasol, the ribs bent, the handle cracked. She turned and sped away before he could speak; and as he resumed his seat he remarked to Miss Bailey, —

"Perhaps I was a little rough; but she is such an excitable little thing I like to see her eyes flash."

Annie laid the parasol beside the lunch basket, saying nothing more about it. She came on deck and joined the other children, and although she laughed and talked with them, there was something inside that did not feel just comfortable. There was the man taking tickets again, and she reached for hers. Where was it? Her pocket was empty! Her handkerchief and her ticket were gone! She looked around wildly for Uncle William. The ticket man was coming nearer! He was nowhere to be seen. Would they stop the boat and put her off? She had no money for another. She must find Uncle William!

She rushed to the head of the stairway, to descend to find him, but, — "No going down here until the tickets are taken," said a man with rather a gruff voice, stationed there. This was too much, and with sobs she could not control she fled to Miss French and buried her head on her shoulder. Uncle William appeared very soon, and everything was made straight; but it was a very subdued little girl who watched the green banks and houses slip past as they drew near home.

"And what did Annie make the day?" said mamma that evening. She had noticed the unusual quiet of her small daughter, and suspected something.

"It's just as you said, mamma," said Annie, as her sobs lessened and the story had been told. "I'll try and remember better next time."

Sentences are like sharp nails which force truth upon our memory. DIDEROT.

PUSSY WILLOW.

O YOU pussy willow! Pretty little thing,
Coming with the sunshine of the early spring!
Tell me, tell me, pussy, for I want to know,
Where it is you come from, how it is you grow?

Now, my little girlie, if you'll look at me
And my little sisters, I am sure you'll see
Tiny, tiny houses, out of which we peep,
When we first are waking from our winter's sleep.

This is where we come from. How it is we grow,
I will try, my girlie, now to let you know;
As the days grow milder, out we put our heads,
And we lightly move us in our little beds, —

Find the world so lovely as we look about,
That we each day move a little further out;
And when warmer breezes of the springtime blow,
Then we little pussies all to catkins grow.

St. Nicholas.

Indolence and stupidity are first cousins. RIVAROL.

Laws are the silent assessors of God. W. R. ALGER.

For Every Other Sunday.

PRIDE HATH A FALL.

BY WINIFRED L. BRIDGE.

ONCE upon a time there lived two old spiders up in one corner of Farmer Brown's barn. It was just the place for a nest, they thought, for there were lots of bugs and flies up there; and the two old spiders grew as fat as could be.

They had one baby spider, named "Long Legs" for his exceedingly long legs. He was n't at all like his parents, who were good, sensible, old-fashioned spiders; he was very vain,—so much so as to be a constant worry to both parents. He was often getting into fights with their neighbor's children, because they would call him a "fat, lazy thing," and he would insist that he was much handsomer than they.

He would say: "I have such long, nimble legs, and such round, plump sides and soft, sleek skin, while you are little and lean and ugly. You spend all your time making webs that are destroyed in a little while. So what good do they do you?"

"Oh, we don't believe in being lazy. We don't depend on our parents to feed us; we make webs of our own, and catch our own food. When one web is ruined, we make another, and so keep busy." Thus the others would answer.

"Um—well, I've been about and seen some of the world. I've been up to the farmhouse, and I saw things up there you know nothing about."

Then he would walk off with his back high in the air; and all the little spiders would laugh, and say, "Weet ex qunzk?" which in spider language means, "Is n't he proud?"

Well, one day Long Legs's mother said, "Let 's give a party to-morrow, for it 's our son's birthday; he will be one month old."

Papa Spider agreed. So he went all around the barn roof and invited his neighbors to be present at their web the following night.

Everything passed off as nicely as could be. For supper they had half a beetle, eight flies, three horse-flies, one miller, and for dessert a large butterfly.

While the young ones were playing about, Long Legs said, "How many of you would dare to run up to the ceiling of this barn and come down again?"

Now, the roof of Farmer Brown's barn was very steep and high. It would not be hard for a lean spider to run up, if he went carefully, and it would not be dangerous; but for a clumsy, fat spider it would be next to impossible.

Well, the little spiders said: "Oh, yes, we can do it. But you can't; you 're too fat."

This made Long Legs exceedingly angry. "Ho, ho! You think so, do you? Well, I 'll show you whether I can or not. But first let me see you go up." And he pointed his long leg at a small black spider.

"Certainly," answered the small black spider; and, running swiftly and carefully, he soon reached the top. He did not look down, for fear of losing his balance, but kept on down the other side.

The little black spider performed the feat so quickly and easily that it made Long Legs more angry than ever; but he was not to be outdone. "Pooh!" he exclaimed, "I can go to the very top, and stand on five legs,"—a spider has six.

Now, it so happened that Long Legs was n't used to climbing, and so hardly knew how to set about it; besides, he was so fat he could not run fast. The other little spiders had learned to run when babies, and, instead of being lazy and dependent upon their parents to support them, had been used to working; so they were nimble and active, while Long Legs was awkward, clumsy, and a great coward too. So the moment he started on that trip his legs began to shake with fright and his head to feel dizzy. He knew he was making himself absurd; still he was too proud to own he could not do it. He struggled on; but just as he was nearing the top his legs gave way, and he fell down, down, down to the floor below. So pride had a fall.

That was the end of a proud, selfish, lazy spider; for Long Legs was so full of his birthday supper that he burst open, and he was swallowed by an old white hen who happened to be scratching about on the barn floor when he fell.

Now, dear children, let this story of a spider's life be a lesson to you not to be proud, selfish, and lazy, lest you too have a fall.

For Every Other Sunday.

SEEKING KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY L. T. P.

AS EVERY OTHER SUNDAY likes stories of real life which make us think well of human nature, I should like to give it a little incident which I happened to see lately at our Boston Art Museum. I had entered the building to join a party of friends on a Saturday, which, as all know, is a free day. As I approached the turnstile through which visitors enter, I saw two little boys who wished to enter too. They were poor ragged children, with a foreign air, who might have been newsboys, only that newsboys are generally better dressed. I wondered how they had ever heard of the Art Museum, or knew where to find it. But there they were, and they seemed much disappointed when the gate-keeper refused to let them in.

A nice-looking young fellow, who might have been a student, had just passed in, note-book in hand. He turned round on hearing the conversation.

"Why can't those boys come in?" he asked.

"They are not allowed," said the gate-keeper, pointing to the notice, "No children under fourteen are allowed in without a grown person."

"Well, let them come in with me," said the young man.

"But you must n't leave them alone," said the keeper, who was evidently suspicious of the ragged boys, and whose duty it was to see that rules were enforced.

"Oh, if that is all," said the stranger, "I will promise to take care of them, not leave them at all, and bring them back here. Come along, boys."

So the little boys walked proudly in through the turnstile, and went off happily with their new friend. I was obliged to go in another direction, and as the Art Museum is now so large, I did not meet them again. Whether they wanted to study Egyptian antiquities or mediæval tapestry I never found out, but I think they must have learned something before they parted with their guide.

THE DEAD PUSSY CAT.

[Reprinted by request.]

You 're as stiff an' as cold as a stone,
Little cat!
Dey 's done frowed out and left you alone,
Little cat!
I 's a strokin' you's fur,
But you don't never purr,
Nor hump up anywhere,
Little cat.
W'y is dat?
Is you's purrin' and humpin' up done?

An' w'y fer is you's little foot tied,
Little cat?
Did dey pisen you's tummick inside,
Little cat?
Did dey pound you wif bricks,
Or wif big, nasty sticks,
Or abuse you wif kicks,
Little cat?
Tell me dat.
Did dey holler w'enever you cwied?
Did it hurt werry bad w'en you died,
Little cat?
Oh, w'y did n't you wun off and hide,
Little cat?
I is wet in my eyes,
'Cause I almost always cwies
W'en a pussy cat dies,
Little cat,—
Tink of dat,—
An' I 's awfully solly, besides.

Dest lay still dere down in de sof' gwoun',
Little cat,
W'ile I tucks de gween gwass all awoun',
Little cat.
Dey can't hurt you no more
W'en you 's tired and so sore.
Dest sleep twiet, you pore
Little cat,
Wif a pat,
An' fordet all de kicks of de town.—*Selected.*

For Every Other Sunday.

BOBBY'S HAPPY MISTAKE.

BY HELEN T. PREBLE.

ELSIE Hoyt was busily tying up and directing valentines the evening before the fourteenth, singing happily all the while and scanning them admiringly.

"Is n't this a beauty, mamma, this pink one for Edith? I know she will be so pleased over the little pink rosette on the top. Here are the others, for Jessie and May—yellow and blue ones; and Uncle Ned says he will direct them for me."

At last the whole were ready, and lay in a little white pile on the table, while Elsie put on her hat and coat ready to go and mail them.

Ten minutes later she burst into the kitchen, shouting,—

"Mamma, mamma, where are you?"

"Here, right here, dear; please go back, latch the door, wipe your boots, come in quietly, and I will listen to you gladly." Elsie obeyed, and then perched herself on the arm of a chair, and said:—

"Mamma, I 'm going to send a valentine to Emma Gray. She does n't speak to me, but I don't care, and p'r'aps I was the most to blame about those examples, anyway. I do s'pose I was hateful; and I 'm just going to send her a real sweet valentine, one exactly like Edith's, pink rosette and all,—would n't you?"

"I think it would be very nice indeed. It 's too late now to mail it, but you can send it by Bobby. We will go right out and buy it."

It was growing dark when Mrs. Gordon and Elsie came home; the street lights were shining out, here and there a new one popping into sight every half minute, and the air was getting crisp.

Elsie did the valentine up carefully, directed it with her nicest writing, and then began a siege of coaxing with Bobby, which was no easy matter.

"Want me to walk way down Crescent Street, do you? Well, I call that cool. I 'm tired, let me tell you; been skating for two hours now; 'sides, I got my home lessons." And Bobby bent assiduously over his slate and made figures, multiplying and subtracting recklessly; but Elsie persisted in her coaxing, until at last he said,—

"Well, I s'pose I might as well go as to listen to your teasing; a feller can't do anything between you and conscience," and he went for his coat and cap.

"Little house round the corner from Edmond Street. No number? Oh, don't know the number. People's name, Gray—do know that much—bay-window—funny kind of door-bell, glass with little diamonds cut in it—Please give this to Miss Emma Gray—All right—find it if I can—bay-window—door-bell—Gray." And Bobby disappeared on the run, flourishing the envelope as he went.

"Oh, dear," sighed Elsie, "do you s'pose he more than half understood what I told him?"

"Yes," answered mamma; "he is generally pretty good about doing errands, only he likes to plague so well. I think I will fry some fritters. He is tired, I know, and he 'll be cold when he gets back."

Bobby found, when he got to Edmond Street, that it crossed Crescent. Just around each corner was a little house with a bay-window, and each door-bell was glass with diamonds cut in the glass; so poor Bobby was at sea.

He rang the bell at one of the houses, however, and it was answered by an old man who held his head on one side, and was pretty deaf, saying "Ha?" to Bobby's question.

"Does Miss Emma Gray live here?"

Bobby repeated the question, and the old man thought it safe to say "Yes;" so Bobby handed him the envelope and went off relieved.

Old Mr. James and his wife were a lonely couple, with a hard cross always in mind. Harry James, their only child, had gone away ten years ago, in a fit of anger, his pride wounded by a very sharp rebuke from his father, from whom he inherited a hasty temper. He had never written home, although he took care that they knew of his whereabouts, and that he was doing well and not disgracing the family name. Each year saw Mrs. James decline in strength, and each year was lonelier than the last. It was on Valentine Eve that he went away, and on every succeeding year at that time his mother looked for some sign from him that he was not holding his hard feelings toward them; but in vain.

On this evening, as the darkness shut down and one by one the neighboring families lighted their lamps, closed their shutters, or drew their curtains, the two old people sat in sorrow and silence, until a sharp pull at the door-bell disturbed them, and Mr. James rose and went to the door, soon returning with a large embossed envelope, which he handed to his wife with shaking fingers.

"It 's come now," he said brokenly.

"Where are my spectacles, Thomas?" demanded his wife.

"Never mind, Maria; open it and I 'll find them afterward." And the old man bustled around like a child, while the trembling old lady tore the envelope into bits in her agitation.

At last out it came, such a beauty,—pink satin, lace paper, and a tiny pink ribbon rosette to fasten the lace paper down at the top!

They were never tired of admiring it, and after kneeling together, hand in hand, to thank God for thus blessing them, sat and planned a letter to their long-absent boy, a letter which brought tears to his eyes; so simple and repenting was it, and so full of longing, that the "boy," now a man nearly thirty, went home on the next train.

Something must have been at work in Emma Gray's heart, for she "spoke" when she saw Elsie again, and neither Elsie nor her teasing brother knew of Bobby's happy mistake.

For Every Other Sunday.

MOTHER HOBBLES'S MAY-BASKET.

(Young Contributors.)

It was a warm, pleasant afternoon in May.

No one could be seen on the dusty road except an old woman, walking slowly along with a bundle of wood in her arms. Her face looked haggard and worn, and she heaved a sigh as she gave her burden a little hitch.

As she rounded a curve in the road, a peal of laughter rang from the orchard, and the voice of May Howard called: "Halloa, Mother Hobbles! Where did you steal all of that wood?"

The old woman peered in between the trees, and shook her fist angrily as she answered, "I did n't steal it, you little wretches; and, what 's more, 't ain't none of your business if I did."

"You must have," said May's sister Alice, "for every one around here knows you too well to give it to you; and if they don't, they ought to."

"Well, the land knows nobody wants anything of 'em if they 're all like you, yer little imps of sassiness."

"Why, who in the world is that?" asked Betty, the third one of the girls who were seated under the apple-trees busily working on the pretty May-baskets of dainty tissue paper. Betty was cousin to the Howards, and had come the day before to make them a long visit, as her parents were travelling.

"Oh, that 's old Mother Hobbles," said May. "She lives down the road in a little old shanty that has been threatened to be torn down more than once. She has a few hens, and gets fuel from the woods, and berries too in summer, I guess. Anyway, she manages to live somehow."

"Then probably she picked that wood up. It did n't look like wood from anybody's yard."

"Oh, my goodness," laughed May, "very likely she did. We only asked her where she stole it for fun, just to make her mad. We will have lots of fun with her while you 're here. Every one of the girls in the village has something to say to her when she comes along, to hear her talk. Her real name is Hobbs, but we call her 'Hobbles' for fun, because she hobbles along so slowly. She 's the crossest old thing that ever lived."

"Well, I should think she would be, if that 's the way people treat her."

"Yes," said Alice, "you 'll find out that she is n't so lovely, if you stay here long."

Just then the girls were interrupted by "Come, come! If you 're going into town with me to get the stuff for them May-baskets, you 'd better hurry. The horse is all harnessed now." And a pleasant-looking boy strode in among the group.

"We 're all ready," said Alice, "except putting the handle on my basket, and I can do that when we come home. You see Betty helped May on hers more than she did me, because I thought I 'd finish the soonest."

"It 's a shame," said May, "that Betty could n't have made a basket and hung it, she makes them so pretty."

"Why did n't she?" asked Jack.

"She does n't know any of the girls around here. But then, she might have hung it to Jenny Semms. She got acquainted with her a little yesterday; and it would n't make any difference, for we girls only hang them to each other, just to get chased and have a little fun. None of the boys in the village seem to know enough to hang them to the girls."

"Thank you," said Jack, laughing.

"Well, girls, I 'm going to hang one, so don't fret any more," said Betty, with a twinkle in her blue eyes. "I 'm going to buy one in town."

"Buy one! Why, who are you going to hang it to?" said May, wonderingly.

"To 'Mother Hobbles,' as you call her."

"Mother Hobbles!" cried the sisters. "Why, Betty Middlebrook, what are you talking about?"

"You 're fooling," laughed May.

"No, I 'm not fooling. I 'm going to buy a market-basket, and fill it full of groceries, and—"

"Why, she 'd kick it off the steps," said Alice.

"Well, that would n't hurt it so very much," said Betty; "and after she saw what it was she 'd take it in."

"You must like to waste money," said May, rather crossly.

Betty made no reply; but Cousin Jack helped her into the wagon, and whispered, "I 'll carry your basket down for you to-night, if you want me to." Betty thanked him, while the two sisters jumped in and were seated before their brother got a chance to help them; and the wagon was driven off towards the little town where the girls were going to purchase their goodies and Betty was going to buy and fill her queer May-basket for Mother Hobbles.

It was growing dark, and the moon was shining brightly when the old farm horse walked slowly into the yard that afternoon. An inviting odor came from the kitchen; and the girls hurried in to supper, while Jack unharnessed and fed the horse.

After supper they went into the pleasant sitting-room to fill the pretty baskets for Alice's and May's friends, while Jack went out to the barn again to heap Betty's market-basket a little higher by putting a few vegetables and apples in the bottom. Then Betty brought out a little white note which she had written to Mother Hobbles, but which the girls told her the old woman could not read, and tucked it down at the side.

Jack swung the basket on his arm, and called, "Forward, march!" and the girls followed. Betty went on ahead with May and Alice to hang their baskets, while Jack walked slowly behind, for he could not run well with his load; and after the girls had been chased, but not recognized, they waited for him down the road.

Mother Hobbles's place was soon reached, and the things placed on the step. Then they all scampered behind an old barn to watch the results. The old woman came to the door, scolding to herself, and took the basket up. She swung it toward herself to toss it into the road; but when a ray of light from the little room within shone on its contents, it dropped from her hand to the step, and she stared at it in amazement for a number of minutes. Then she lifted up a few of the articles and peeped into it. The children were watching interestedly from behind the barn; and as the old woman dashed some tears from her eyes, murmured something to herself, and carried her treasure into the house, the two sisters looked at each other in astonishment.

"Upon my word, I do believe she was crying," said May.

"I know she was," said Alice. "Let 's go up and look in the window to see what she 'll do. It won't be any harm."

The four walked up to the window, and were very much surprised to see old Mother Hobbles on her knees before the old-fashioned four-post bedstead, murmuring a prayer of thankfulness.

The children moved away and up the moonlit road. No one said anything on the way home; but May and Alice each had one of her cousin's arms hugged closely to her, while Jack came on in the rear with his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed on the ground.

The next day Betty asked her cousins to make Mother Hobbles a visit. The girls were rather ashamed and Jack was bashful, but they dared not refuse; and it was well they did n't, for they found out that day that this old woman had a heart as well as anybody, and a large one too. She was paid many visits after that, and by the other children in the village as well as by Betty and the Howards. She interested them very much by stories of her life, and of the two dear little girls she once had, but who had died at the ages of twelve and fifteen, and also of her husband, who had died a number of years later, and who had always been so kind to her. But after his death her home had been destroyed by fire, and she had knocked around in different places until at last she had come into that country place in hopes of finding a little rest: but until now she had found none.

No wonder that she had grown cross and hardened to the ways of the world. But in a week or so she had made many friends among the village folk; and after a while she began to be known as "Grandma Hobbs," and the name of Mother Hobbles was thought of with shame.

When Grandma Hobbs was speaking about her May-basket to her first little friends one evening, she remarked, "I really thought the good Lord himself had sent it, for I did n't have any friends then."

"He did send it," said Jack, looking at Betty, "by one of his little angels, who is going to stay with us a long time, and teach us to realize that kind deeds are never too freely scattered, for they are never lost."

Rowena N. Franklin.

The Spring reveals herself in secret only;
Through hidden signs we guess her mystic power.
The fields are bare, the woodlands wild and lonely,
But, lo! beneath the earth she hides the flower.
The willows quicken at the river's brim,
The eager alder breaks her tawny buds,
The upland hills are wrapt in hazes dim,
And sweet, impulsive life has stirred the woods.

Dora Read Goodale.

For Every Other Sunday.

LEO AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

(Young Contributors.)

"I don't see, my dear," said Mrs. Blanford one evening, as she entered the library where Dr. Blanford was at work, "why you keep that moth-eaten dog-skin rug in your library."

"But, Gussie," said the doctor, laying down his pen, "if the dog that once wore it had done as much for you as he did for me I guess you would n't complain."

SHE LOVES THE BLACK DOLL.

"Well, what did he do?" asked Mrs. Blanford.

"It was this way. About a month before we were married I was called out to attend a patient in the country. As they had moved from their old place, and the road was new to me, I took Leo, my dog. As soon as I had left the village behind me, I found myself driving through a pleasant little country lane bordering on the river. There were no farmhouses to be seen, and in some places the trees formed an archway over the road.

"I had just passed through one of these shady arches, when I saw some one crouching in the bushes a little in front. Thinking of robbers, I quickened my horse's pace; but all in vain. A man leaped into the middle of the road. Seizing my horse by the bridle, he drew a revolver, and, pointing it at my head, he greeted me with the usual salutation of highwaymen, 'Hands up!'

"Of course I complied with the request, having no desire to be shot. After a moment I asked him, in a gruff voice, 'What do you want?'

"'Me wanta monney,' he said, showing his nationality to be that of an Italian.

"'You can't have it,' I continued.

"'Then I shoot you,' he said, advancing toward me, but still keeping hold of the bridle.

"But I had my plan. I was to keep talking to him, so as to occupy his attention till Leo, who had strayed off in the woods, came back, and then I thought I might have a chance to overpower him.

"So I said, 'Then you would be found out and hung.'

"'Oh, me get 'way all right,' he said with a grin.

"Just at this moment my hopes were realized, for Leo came up, and, seeing the Italian, he trotted noiselessly up behind him. I gave a low whistle as encouragement to the dog, and the robber, hearing it, turned round as quick as a flash. But he was too late; Leo sprang the same instant, and seized him by his coat collar. Pulling him to the ground, Leo held him there, while I jumped out of the carriage and ran toward them. Then the robber fired, but, luckily for me, missed; and before he could fire another shot I had seized the hand that held the revolver and wrested it from his grasp.

"Then a struggle began. I thought at first he would succeed; but by threatening to shoot him any moment, and with the help of Leo, I soon had him a prisoner. Tying his hands with some rope that I had in the bottom of my carriage, I made him get in, and then drove to the nearest town. There I handed him over to the police. After that I made my call, and then drove home without any other adventure."

Having thus told his story, the doctor resumed his work, while Mrs. Blanford gazed attentively at the dog skin rug at her feet.

FREDERICK JOHNSON.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE Editor had several hard bites from Jack Frost this month; this surprised him, for he expected to see Spring walking around the streets. So he questions his young readers as follows: —

This is the time for Spring, you know,
(As every calendar loves to show),
My! how the winds do pipe and blow, —
Spring comes a-creeping, and that very slow.
Not a bird singing,
Not a flower springing
Up to the sun.
Not a leaf budding,
Not a brook scudding
On the full run.
Spring, gentle Spring, must be oceans away,
Judging by what the thermometers say;
They with the calendars do not agree, —
What is the matter? I wish you 'd tell me.

The Editor has no grudge against March, so he has put two pictures on the first page, showing what a variety there is in the month: strawberries in Florida, icicles in New Hampshire; roses in Southern California, skating ponds in Maine; umbrellas and fans in Texas, umbrellas and ulsters in Vermont. Yes, March has quite a variety shop. You can buy all kinds of weather over his counter. Then, what a frolicsome creature he is! Knocking off your hat, and making you run for it; roaring o' nights like a steam-engine; encouraging innocent flowers to peep up out of the ground only to nip their noses with a cold breeze, or to snowball them back. The best thing about March is that he opens the door for April.

Just as the Editor finished the paragraph above, the following lines came by the mail from a "Young Contributor."

MARCH.

THE cutting wind, how fierce it blows,
With all the fury that it knows!
It bends the trees, the branches creak,
It whistles fiercely up the street.
The air is crisp, the sky is blue,
The grass is of a brownish hue.
O March! how little do you seem
A friend to April's sunny gleam.

ELIZABETH SCHNEIDER (ten years old).

The Editor looks at the picture on the inside of this number, and wonders how many of his young readers have ever been in the situation of the lad who is in the swing. His is a case of too much of a good thing.

The joyous Easter is near at hand. Out of the cage of winter our singing birds are let loose. Home and church will echo with carols. In the next number of our paper will appear pictures and stories and poems appropriate to the happy time; here and now we want to impress on teachers, ministers, and parents the value of using Easter Sunday, April 5, for a union service in the church. Let the young and the old come together, have the babies christened, give out flowers, let in the sunshine of love, celebrate life victorious. Such exercises cheer the elder people; the result is every way good.

Doing this is only fair to the children and young people also. They are entitled to the celebration. Easter is the Fourth of July in religion; it declares the independence of the soul over death, darkness, and doubt; it sings the song of the free heart and the progressive child of God.

LETTER-BOX.

GARDNER, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR, — I have a nice story to tell, which I hope to see in the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. I am a little girl ten years old. I have a dog; he is a Boston terrier, his name is Dixy, and he is very playful. Every little while a neighbor's dog comes over. They smell of each other's nose, and seem to be talking things over; then they go by bounds and leaps over the hills to the woods. One night Dixy came home with a lot of porcupine quills in his nose, which made him very sober. After he got well, I was passing the house where the other dog lived; my dog was with me. Dixy went up on the lawn, and sniffed around, and I believe he left a note, because next morning the dog came to our house; then away they went over the hill together. At night Dixy came home with more quills, and since that time he has stayed at home. Your reader, NANCY M. TURNER.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR, — Please find enclosed a pi puzzle and a story about Lady Godiva, of Coventry, England. I hope you and the readers of the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY will find it interesting.

Yours truly, BENNIE HASTINGS.

TROY, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR, — I have been very much interested in reading the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, and working the enigmas out; so I send you one, and hope it is worthy to be printed in your paper.

Respectfully yours, WILLIAM L. CRARY.

ENIGMA.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 5, 4, is a girl's name.
My 4, 6, 7, 5, 8, 9, 8, 7, 5, is what soldiers use in war.
My 7, 4, 5, 8, 9, 2, 10, 4, is a province in Canada.
My 11, 12, 11, 13, 11, 14, 9, is the highest mountain in Asia.
My 14, 11, 12, 11, 5, 9, 11, 11, 5, is a number.
My 3, 11, 13, 2, is a man of great deeds.
My 15, 13, 8, 14, 4, 5, 9, 3, 11, 6, 7, 6, is a flower.
My 13, 4, 12, 11, 5, 5, 4, is a city in Spain.
My 2, 3, 11, 16, 12, 5, is a State in our Union.
My 2, 17, 11, is a musical composition.
My 18, 8, 11, 19, is a harbor in Germany.
My 11, 13, 6, 8, 5, 8, 11, is a well-known opera.
My 13, 7, 9, 3, is a book in the Old Testament.
Read beginning letters down, and end letters up. The first is a much-beloved Unitarian minister, and the last is the city and State in which he labors.

HENRIETTA STEINMETZ.

A HIDDEN ZOÖLOGY.

1. TOM says Eli only thinks so.
2. Leo, pardon him for my sake.
3. Oh, hurry, Jack! Alas, you are too late.
4. That loafer retracted his falsehood.
5. See that dog pant; her tongue hangs out of her mouth.
6. Lord Mar tenderly loved his daughter.
7. Do you see that man drilling wheat? R. B.

ANAGRAM.

WRHEAVTE si whotr dgoni ta lal, si wrtho dgion lwel.

RUTH H. PIERCE.

ENIGMA XXVIII.

I AM composed of fifteen letters.
My 7, 3, 2, 15, is a boy's name.
My 6, 8, 12, 9, is a slave.
My 10, 5, 1, is the opposite of slim.
My 4, 5, 12, 13, is the name of a planet.
My 14, 11, 12, is a word derived from over.
My 2, 3, 4, 11, is a place we all love.
My 4, 5, 6, 13, is the abbreviation of one of the States.
My 7, 5, 4, 11, 13, is one of the books in the Bible.
My whole is the name of a President of the United States. HALLET ROBBINS.

ENIGMA XXIX.

I AM composed of twenty-seven letters.
My 3, 2, 1, 15, is that by which we are called.
My 12, 13, 14, 15, is opposite of die.
My 9, 10, 11, 15, is a money obligation.
My 5, 6, 7, 20, is healthy.
My 8, 17, 20, comes from ashes.
My 4, 10, 19, 20, is painful.
My 16, 21, 22, is opposite of good.
My 19, 25, 22, is a long strip of wood.
My 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, is a common food.
My 23, 24, 27, is a bad drink.
My 24, 23, 26, 27, is a narrow road.
My 22, 23, 26, 27, is a native of Denmark.
My whole is in Matthew.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 13.

Enigma XXV. Serve the Lord with gladness.
Enigma XXVI. George Washington.
Anagram. EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is a fine paper.
Riddle. Needle.

CHANGED HEADINGS.

Cat, bat, rat, pat, sat, hat, fat, mat, Nat.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

R
F U N
R U L E R
N E T
R

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